

# Lowkey - Mad World (Promo version) Lyrics

Artist: [Lowkey](#)

Album: [Key To The Game Volume 1](#)

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All around me are familiar faces  
Worn out places, worn out faces  
Bright and early for the daily races  
Going nowhere, going nowhere  
Doc Brown, it's a disgrace, this place is like a whore house  
The crooked systems the pimp that got us workin' 'til we worn out  
Storm clouds so it's dark when I wake up  
Same street, same run for the same bus  
Same tramp with his change cup  
But many pennies and tens and twenty's ain't gonna change his day up  
This train sucks blood, you look familiar  
Why do I know them tired eyes from somewhere in particular  
Wait, nah it was yesterday  
You shoved me in the chest just to race to the top of the escelate  
So all we rats comin' back for more  
Happy to carry the wait 'til our backs are sore  
Trapped in the system of capitalism  
That got us thinkin' that we have to take a shit job just to get a quick buck  
Why not live the life that you want?  
When your dreams too big to fit in that Burger King uniform  
Forgot what humanity showed us  
Now we walk around like robots 'til we go nuts  
What strangers, we all creative  
'Til age six then we start hearin' the same shit  
From police, parents, teachers, television  
Take them first steps towards a mental prison  
Then at the end of ya life you like "what! "  
"I was doin' time but I weren't even behind bars"  
Know what blood, it's a very very (mad world)  
Doc Brown and Lowkey]  
Maintain feel the weight on my brain (mad world)  
It's still the same my brains achin' with pain (mad world)  
This ain't life it just doesn't feel right (mad world)  
My dreams ain't nice, can't sleep at night  
Went to school and was very nervous  
No one knew me, no one knew me  
Hello teachers tell me what's my lesson  
Looked right through me, looked right through me  
From the time I was a toddler, tiny and small  
I grew into a little monster in primary school  
Just another name on the list at registration  
The teacher never listens so I lived in desperation  
By Year 6, I was sick of education  
Not to mention wantin' attention but I'd sit in hesitation  
Scared to ask teachers questions  
Cause I was quick to test their patience  
Soon as I reached secondary, different heads were hatin'  
To teachers I was already dead and buried, a product of the street's devastation

Aggy and fassies and fools and carryin' tools  
Why, it's a weak explanation but I was never happy in school  
Sufferin' from sleep deprivation  
Teachers new my type, they saw it in me, never used eyesight  
Most pretend they're blind when the older youths and new guys fight  
Got sent around to the deputy heads  
When the fat kid that grassed went back to sit in class  
And dreamt about leavin' all my enemies dead  
Many tears where eventually shed  
Up 'til now I didn't know what my memories meant  
Many messed with me then, all the fights left my energy spent  
Teachers need to fix up, this message is for everyone bUt especially them  
Intelligent kids don't grow unless they mentally fed in this (mad world)  
2: Lowkey and Doc Brown (sample)]  
Life is cruel blood, I'm tired of school (mad world)  
Your mind's a tool, don't play by the rules (mad world)  
That's the truth I've been trapped since youth (mad world)  
My heart's bruised but I still won't lose (mad world)